

Our brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble those
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raide me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did insense his Maiesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest aduocate to pleade for him.
My lord, you doe me shamefull iniury,
Falsely to draw me in, such vile suspect.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Rin. She may my Lord,

Glo. She may, *L. Rivers*, why who knowes not so?
She may do more sin then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? she may, yea marry may she.

Rin. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worse match.

Qu. My L. of Gloucester, I haue to long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes.
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country seruant maid,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at,
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene.

Q. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,
I will auouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband *Henry* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore sonne at *Tewkesburie*.

Glo. Ere you were *Queene* yea or your husband *King*,
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royallize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband *Gray*,
Were factious for the house of *Lankaster*:

And *Rivers*, so were you. Was not your husband
In *Margrets* battaile at *Saint Albons* slaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon)

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) hee is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pittypfull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

Ri. My Lord of *Glocester* in those busie dayes,
Which here you vige to proue vs enemies,
We follow then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So should we now if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries King.
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the *Queene* thereof,
A little ioy enioyes the *Queene* thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse:

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